

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

(Continued from Page Fourteen.)

out the fact that the need is greater than ever. Moreover, she emphasized something which we are prone to forget—the fact that England has given most generously toward the reconstruction of her allies; that France, despite the burden she has had to bear, has contributed many times the amount asked of us to the relief of her stricken people, and that even plundered Belgium has given and is continuing to give. There is no disposition on the part of the invaded countries to be slackers in the matter of their own rehabilitation—far from it—but they have been sorely wounded fighting the battles of the world, and

it is the world's high privilege and duty to help bind up their wounds.

Sara Paris Is Dangerous

After Working Near Front.

Mrs. Ryerson told amusingly of how her daughter—Isn't it Suzanne Ryerson—who had been serving for months at the actual front as pathologist at the Red Cross, arrived in Paris to visit her just as Big Bertha was making herself most disagreeable and air raids were of frequent occurrence. "Why, mother," she exclaimed, "we mustn't stay here; it's dangerous." Reminded that this was a curious remark from one who had been working as close back of the lines as it was permitted for women to work, she continued, "I know, but we don't allow this sort of thing there." Perhaps not, but the hospital was bombed and pretty nearly destroyed before Mrs. Ryerson next saw her daughter.

She sailed for this country but a week or ten days before the armistice was proposed, and explained to us that nobody in Paris believed the rumors that peace was coming. Indeed, she went on to say that she had clung to her plan to come home despite a hint from Marshall Joffe himself to wait a little, since momentous developments were to be expected.

After the talk, for which the guests were seated in gilt chairs and under a wise, tea and delicious sandwiches were served by Mrs. McCormick's man, and the company broke up into informal groups for discussion, and, perhaps, a bit of gossip.

Altogether it was a most interesting afternoon, and the most significant thing about the whole affair was the

fact that it was made the occasion for a veritable gathering of the clans of the old line Republican families. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth was there, and Mrs. John Hay Hammond, Mrs. Truman Beale, and Mrs. Archibald Hopkins—come to think of it, I'm not sure about Mrs. Hopkins' politics, but anyway she was there—in short, a number of clever and worthy women who were prominent in previous Republican administrations, who are guaranteed to be prominent in future administrations—or both. And he who runs may read that, in view of the fact that a Republican Congress is coming in, they are preparing for the fray.

May, Get Women Help

Make Party Platform.

It will be interesting to watch the functioning of the recently organized Republican women's executive committee, which is to co-operate with the Republican National Committee, for Will Hays, chairman of the latter organization, believes that women should have an actual voice in the determination of party matters rather than being merely given the empty honor of acting in an advisory capacity. It is his idea, and the other members of the committee apparently agree with him, that women should have their "say" in selecting candidates in addition to being asked to campaign for those already selected, and I believe that the ladies are even to be initiated into the solemn mysteries of platform building.

As I understand it, Mrs. McCormick, as chairman of the woman's committee, is to "sit in" at the conference of the national committee, or its governing board, which is to meet here under the leadership of Mr. Hays in January, and have a voice in the plans which are developed. Then, in February, she will call a convention of Republican women to meet in Washington, will put these plans before them, and will give them an opportunity to express their sentiments and opinions on issues for which the Republican party is to stand.

To Give 'Em Up as Regular Party Members.

Incidentally an effort will be made to crystallize the political opinions of many women who have hitherto given the matter little thought; to explain to them the Republican creed, and to line them up as members of the Republican party in good and regular standing.

Women are less inclined to be strong "party men" than are their husbands, fathers and brothers; but a good many who have never had any party connections before will probably be attracted by this direct appeal for their support and the large measure of influence which is being granted them—and, besides, there's good Republican material in the not-to-be-ignored group of women who are content now to call themselves "anti-Democrats."

That Mrs. McCormick will also gracefully limit the role of Senatorial hostess is a foregone conclusion, since she has had experience of official life both as her father's daughter—she was Ruth Hanna, daughter of Senator Mark Hanna, you know—and during the time her husband has been in Congress. The dinner which Mr. and Mrs. McCormick gave on Wednesday evening, with Col. Frank Smith, chairman of the State Republican Committee of Illinois, and Mrs. Smith as the guests of honor, was in the nature of a house warming for they are just settling down in their new home, 52 Jackson place, which they have leased for the period of Mr. McCormick's term in the Senate.

Wednesday Gals Day of Week in Official Circles.

Wednesday, by the way, was quite the gayest day of the week and would have done credit to the height of the season. The President's temporary of the Senate and Mrs. Salisbury gave a dinner in compliment to the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall; the new Minister of the Netherlands and Mrs. Cramer were entertained at dinner by Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. William Phillips; Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marve had a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Raymond T. Baker; the charge d'affaires of Mexico and Mme. Rojo had guests dining with them, and Capt. Arthur Snagge, naval attaché of the British embassy, gave a party in compliment to Robert Spear Hudson, third secretary of the British embassy, and his bride, who was Hannah Randolph, of Philadelphia. Back from their brief honeymoon, this interesting young couple will make their home in Washington.

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and have taken a house in Massachusetts avenue.

There was also a luncheon on Thursday's program, Mrs. Hennen Jennings entertaining in compliment to Mrs. Burnett Smith, of England, and several particularly interesting receptions. Mrs. Corcoran Thom gave a tea for her debutante niece, Mary Helen. Miss Elengren, wife of the Swedish minister, was hostess at a delightful reception at the new location in Sixteenth street, formerly the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kauffmann, into which she has recently moved. Mrs. Champ Clark was at home informally at Congress Hall and had an interesting, if informal, program to give a variety to the occasion. Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh was among the several speakers and told of her work in reconstructing cast-off materials into garments for refugees under the suggestive title, "New Thought and Old Clothes." Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo was also at home on Wednesday afternoon and literally drove a people's sea to this opportunity to bid her good-by.

Everybody Attended Wedding of Wilkinsons on Tuesday.

Although the rest of the week couldn't quite measure up to Wednesday for brilliance, each day had its list of interesting festivities. On Tuesday Catherine Harlow and Commander Wilkins were married, the world and his wife, "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts" turning out for the ceremony and the reception which followed. Earlier in the day Commander and Mrs. Alan Goodrich Kirk, who were respectively best man and matron of honor at the wedding, gave a breakfast for the bridal party and a number of guests; and in the evening there was Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Gaff's dinner for a little group of this season's debutantes.

On Thursday Virginia Puller had her coming-out tea; there was a benefit performance at the Knickerbocker Theater for the medical branch of the emergency relief committee, with Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Danjels, Mrs. Merrill Ireland, Mrs. William C. Gorgas, Mrs. George M. Sternberg, and dozens of other prominent women "among those present." Alfred Cortis's piano recital at the Belasco. The audience was much too small for an event of such real musical importance, but it made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in size, and I really thought this handful of people would lift the roof from the theater with their applause. In the evening there were several dinner parties, among them the very enjoyable dinner which the Misses Patten gave for some of the buds.

Debutantes and Buds Have Their Dinings Toward the End.

Friday was pretty completely given over to the debutantes. Mrs. C. C. Calhoun had a tea to present her daughter, Marguerite Symonds, and Margaret Harding, daughter of W. P. G. Harding, governor of the Federal Reserve Board, "came out" at a reception given by her cousin, Mrs. Mark Bristol. In the evening there were several dinner parties for the buds, Mrs. Benjamin Hellen entertaining for Mary Helen, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin for Ann Hamlin.

Later on the guests all came together at the Washington Club for the dance which Mrs. William Horton Grinnell gave for Elizabeth Grinnell, another of this year's buds. And yesterday, if you please, boasted three debuts. Two, Alma Ruggles and Golden Ruggles, were presented together at a tea given by their grandmother, Mrs. George Ruggles. The former, who is the daughter of Charles Ruggles, was presented by her mother for the winter, while Golden Ruggles and her mother have an apartment at Wardman Park Inn during the absence of Brig. Gen. Golden Ruggles. Father of the debutante, in France. Olive Graef was also presented yesterday, and made her bow to society at a tea given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Campbell Graef. There was a dance at the Graef's in the evening for good measure, and the officers stationed at Washington Barracks gave one of their charming informal dances at the Officers' Club which have been so pleasant a feature of the season.

formal atmosphere about Mrs. McAdoo's farewell tea that always exists when she is hostess; and the presence later in the afternoon of Mr. McAdoo, in the role of genial host, made things all the more informal and pleasant. He was just back from a trip South, having visited Chattanooga, Atlanta, and Millington, Ga., and renewed friendships with many of his boyhood associates in a crowd of his Washington friends.

Generally good to a tea, I think, imbued with the desire to run in and run out again, and to "avoid the crowd," if possible. But nowadays one's tomes must be in a crowd, and this time it was an exceptionally interesting crowd, everybody one wanted to see, and all apparently so genuinely at ease and so glad to be there. The only fly in the ointment was the necessity of having to say farewell to this extremely popular couple, who have been so much a part of Washington's purely social life as well as an integral part of official and diplomatic society.

Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo will leave for the West early in January, or, as he puts it, as soon as he can turn over the railroad to his hands to some other fellow. A story from California told of the McAdoo's leaving a house in Los Angeles for several months, but that has been "officially" denied, and the only information that is given out is that they are going West, presumably to stay. But Mr. McAdoo is thoroughly rested after his term of service in the strenuous dual role of Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads. He is in Sixteenth street, and the plan is, believe for them to take Sallie McAdoo with them as well as their baby daughter, Ellen Wilson McAdoo, who is getting to be a big girl now. Sallie McAdoo is a student at the Holton Arms School, but will not return after the Christmas holidays.

For a tea party there were a noticeable number of men present, and the ladies seemed greatly pleased at having their husbands with them. Next to Mr. McAdoo, the best of the ball among the masculine element, at least, was General Barnett, who, with Mrs. Barnett, has just returned from France. It was gratifying to see him entirely recovered—save that he looked a wee bit thin and pale—from the severe illness which was the cause of his absence. His wife, Mrs. Barnett, a handsome and attractive as ever, was receiving a very cordial welcome home.

A charming little party of girls assisted at the tea, and Jane Gregory and the Burleson girls—they are still "the Burleson girls" to me, although Lucy is now Mrs. Charles Greene.

It is still a matter for speculation just what effecting the "Mar out from under us"—as one soldier boy put it—will have on Washington and its curious and rather astounding development. A good many of the prominent men who have been helping Uncle Sam in one way, or another, are leaving the Government service to look after their own business interests, and some are being sent abroad on missions for the Government, and nobody seems to know just what their families are going to do.

For instance, Mrs. Herbert Hoover is now at her Rhode Island, avenue home; but she always follows any statement of her intention to remain in Washington with the greatest reluctance. And it is not only her husband, the Food Administrator, who is in Europe on business connected with the feeding of the world, but Bernard Baruch has gone—or is he still to go—over on an important mission; and this means, probably, that Mrs. Baruch, with her daughter, Belle Baruch, will spend little time in Washington this winter. However, they still have the Reynolds Hitts' house in Eighteenth street, and I have not heard of their having made any attempt to dispose of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Stettinius also have a home in Washington, the handsome Hildekofer residence in Eighteenth street, and the house is said that they "may be back after Christmas." Mrs. Stettinius and her daughters were only in Washington for a few weeks in the autumn. They now are at their New York home, where they have spent most of the time since they left. White Sulphur, and they will probably stay on there now that Mr. Stettinius is returning from Europe and has given up his job as Assistant Secretary of War. Henry P. Davidson, director general of the American Red Cross, is another important man who has gone abroad at the President's behest, but his home will be rather less acutely felt, as he was but an intermittent visitor to Washington. He did have a house here for a time—first Twin Oaks, the Charles J. Bell's place on the outskirts of town, and later their town house—but he wasn't in it very much; and Mrs. Davidson never did come to Washington for more than a few days at a time. She was devoting almost as much time to her work as head of the women's workers with the Y. M. C.

As Mr. Davidson did to his Red Cross job. Capt. and Mrs. Archibald Barkley have gone, giving up the apartment in Massachusetts avenue which they have leased for the season, and so have Major and Mrs. Robert Kelso Cassatt. Major Cassatt has been released from the service, as they have returned to their Philadelphia home, and since Captain Barkley has been detailed to Camp Meade to await his discharge, Mrs. Barkley has gone back to their place at Wayne, Pa.

The Henry Hadden Rogers, on the other hand, is to be more or less permanent residents of Washington. Colonel Rogers is still in France, but on his return, will join his wife here. She, meanwhile, has settled down in the house in K Street, which they purchased last spring. Their daughter, Millicent Rogers, is in school here.

Mrs. John L. Saltmorton, of Boston, is established here, while her husband, Lieutenant Saltmorton, U. S. N., is at sea and the idea that she is to remain at least for this winter, is borne out by the fact that she has just moved into a house in Massachusetts avenue. The Russell Sards are here for what-time Lieutenant Sarg, U. S. N., is not on sea duty, and another prominent young couple who are settled here for the winter are Lieut. and Mrs. Albert Lincoln Hoffman. They have the residence, 2008 Columbia road, one of those occupied by the French High Commission last winter. Lieut. Robert Gamble and Mrs. Gamble (Virginia Loney), who had a house in Cherry Chase, of which they took possession immediately after their marriage, have given it up and gone back to New York. He has left or is leaving the service.

I hear, by the way, that Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is going abroad on important business for the Navy Department, is to sail soon after the New Year. Mrs. Roosevelt expects to go with him; for his departure is being given slow after his recent attack of pneumonia, and she is not satisfied that he is able to travel alone. She is, however, much upset at the thought of leaving at present, her kiddies—there are four or five of them—all have influenza. They will probably be left in charge of their grandmother, Mrs. Roosevelt, and it is to be hoped that they will all be well by the time the Roosevelt's sailing date comes round.

And now a Merry Christmas to you, Susan, and a Happy New Year! But before I bring my letter to a close, I must say just a word about the latest wrinkle at the Quaker Inn, the charming little restaurant in Connecticut avenue, which Mrs. Rene Bache has recently opened. She is shortly to inaugurate a series of tea dances to be given every afternoon between 4 and 6 o'clock. The music is to be the best available, and from the plans which have been whispered in my

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ear, I'm confident that the Quaker Inn will be very popular at the tea hour. Fondly yours, JEAN ELIOT.

SAILOR SAVES TWELVE GIRLS FROM FLAMES

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—A lone United States sailor, who disappeared without the formality of making his identity known, walked up to the fifth floor of a burning loft building

in Greene street, caused twelve panic-stricken girls to form a chain, with their hands and feet to the street and safety.

The sailor was passing the place when, glass fell on his head. He looked up and saw smoke coming from the windows. Then he rushed toward a fire alarm box, but, hearing the cries of girls, rushed upstairs. After he had seen the women safely to the street, he walked quickly on his way, and Helen Markovitch, one of the workers, sent in an alarm.

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